

POLICE

COMICS

OCTOBER No.108

BRISTLES WITH EXCITEMENT ON EVERY PAGE!

"Dee Dee screamed with terror as I hurdled forward to tackle this weird apparition..."

Don't miss-

KEN SHANNON

Dynamic PRIVATE EYE

in

"THE HEADLESS HORSE PLAYER!"

10¢



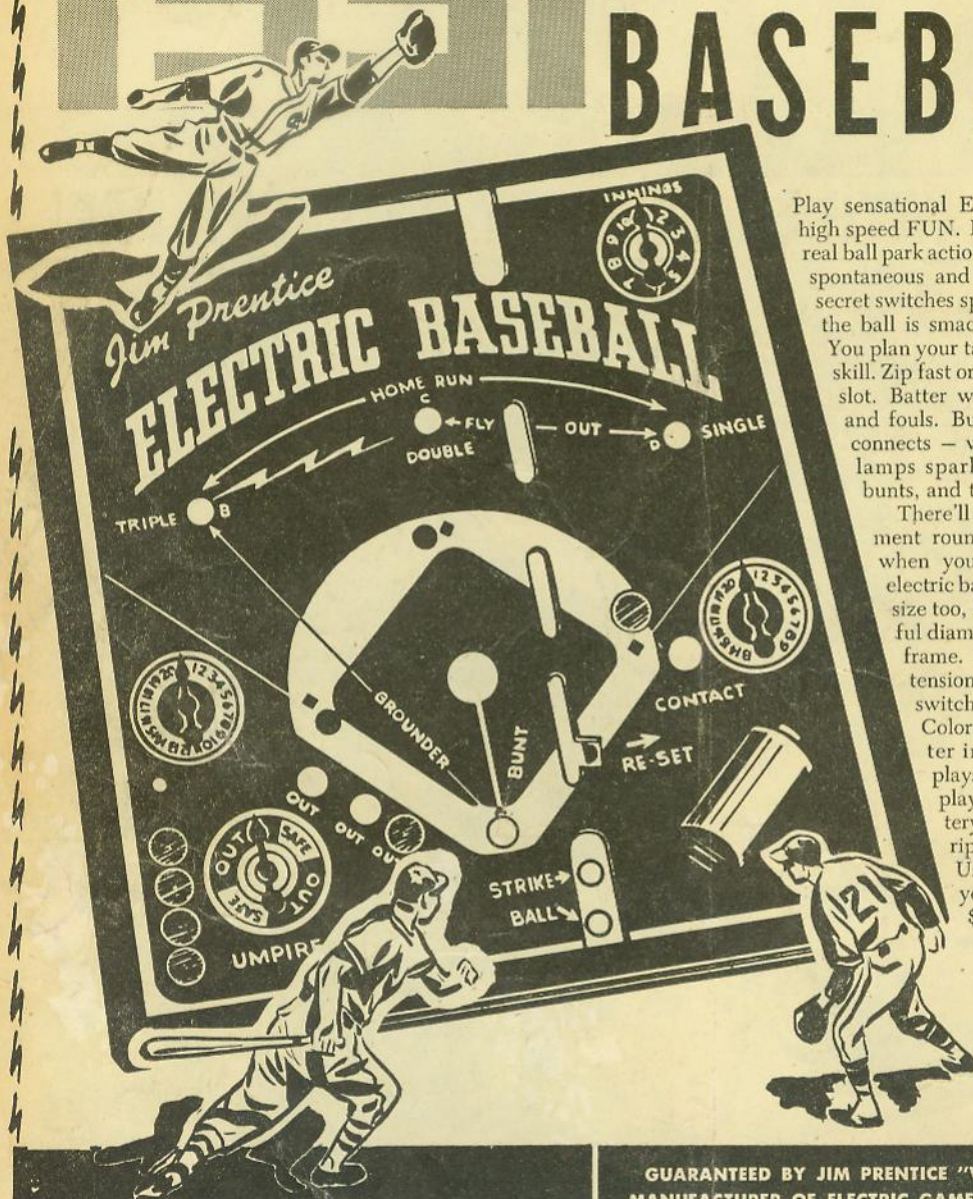
Also
T-MAN
in
TICKET TO DOOM!



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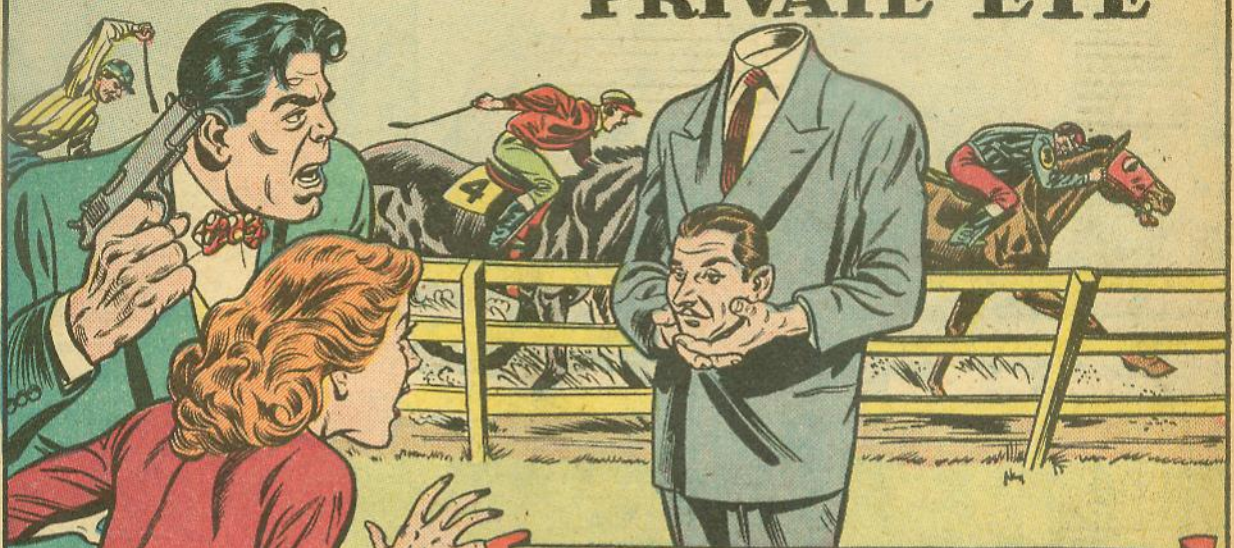
Name

Street

City State

Ken Shannon

PRIVATE EYE



I'VE KNOWN HORSE BETTORS WHO WOULD WALK BARE-FOOTED THROUGH A FIELD OF CACTUS TO CASH IN ON A WINNING TICKET! BUT SAM SIMON TOPPED THEM ALL! SAM CAME BACK FROM THE GRAVE TO COLLECT A DAILY DOUBLE --- AND SCARED THE BE-JEEPERS OUT OF THE TOUGHEST BOOKIE BOSS IN THE COUNTRY... WHO HIRED ME, GOOSE-PIMPLES AND ALL, TO CRACK THE CASE OF ---

The HEADLESS HORSE-PLAYER!

"ICE" EAGEN



He chilled plenty of guys, until his own teeth started chattering

SAM SIMON



He tried to prove you didn't need a head to bet on the galloping goats!

PEANUTS PROUTY



He had the skin I love to touch... with a blackjack!

POLICE COMICS

DEE DEE DAWSON AND I WERE STROLLING BACK TO THE OFFICE FROM LUNCH ONE DAY---

LOOK AT THE CROWD, KEN! IS SOMETHING WRONG?

IT'S A GAME, PET! THERE IS A THING CALLED A TRACK--- AND CHARACTERS KNOWN AS HORSE-PLAYERS AND BOOKIES, SEE---

THE HORSE-PLAYERS HAND BOOKIES MONEY! THEN THEY LISTEN TO THE RADIO, HOLLER "AW, NUTS!" AND GO HOME BROKE!

VER-RY CUTE! IF YOU WORKED HALF AS HARD DIGGING US UP A CASE---

SHHH! ---IT'S LEFT FOOT AND AUNTIE'S PANTS IN THE STRETCH! THEY'RE NECK AND NECK! LEFT FOOT'S ON THE RAIL---



AND IT'S AUNTIE'S PANTS BY A NOSE!

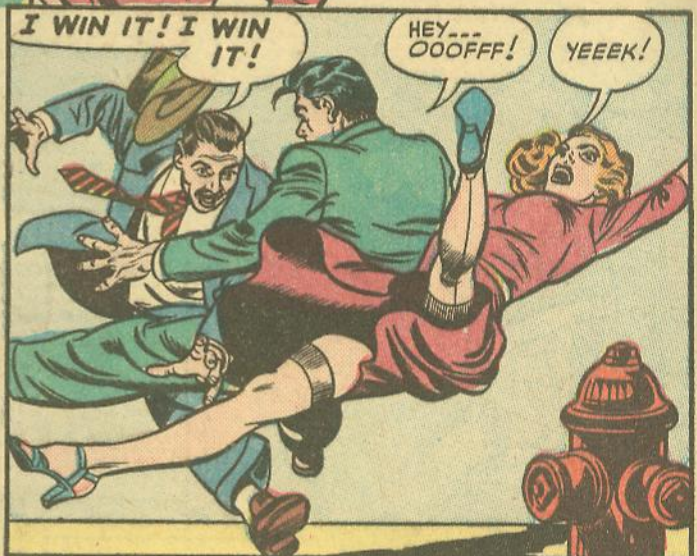
YA-HOOOOO!



I WIN IT! I WIN IT!

HEY--- OOOFFF!

YEEEEK!



OKAY, TANGLE-FOOT! WHAT'S THE IDEA OF---? SAM SIMON!

LEMME GO, SHAMUS! I JUST HIT THE DAILY DOUBLE FOR A HUNDRED AN' SIXTY THOUSAND CLAMS! I GOTTA GO COLLECT!



#160,000? ALLAH, ALLAH! SAM, YOU MAY BUMP US AGAIN FOR FREE! WHO'S THE--- ER--- LUCKY BOOKIE?

ICE EAGEN! LOOK, SHANNON, I'LL HIRE YOU TO HELP ME COLLECT MY DOUGH! COME ON!



DON'T BE SILLY, SAM! ICE EAGEN WOULD SLIT HIS GRANDMOTHER'S THROAT... BUT HE WOULDN'T WELSH ON PAYING OFF A BET!

IT AIN'T ICE! IT'S THAT CHISELIN' PEANUTS PROUTY, HIS PAYOFF MAN! PEANUTS SHAKES DOWN THE WINNERS FOR HALF THEIR TAKE!

IF YUH SQUAWK TO ICE, YOU'RE LIABLE TO WAKE UP DEAD ONE MORNING! COME ON, HE'S WAITIN' AROUND THE CORNER NOW!

LET'S GO, SUGAR-PUSS! THIS I GOTTA SEE WITH MY OWN EYES!

...SO YUH TAKE THE SUBWAY OUT AND COLLECT FROM ICE HIMSELF! I DON'T CARRY THAT KINDA DOUGH! THEN YOU COME BACK AND PAY ME!

GUG-GAHH! I AIN'T GUH-GIVIN' YOU NO SPLIT! IT'S MY DOUGH! I WON IT!

WHY, YOU TWO-BIT... AWWRRK!

I WOULDN'T IF I WERE YOU, PEANUTS! I WOULDN'T LIKE IT, AND NEITHER WOULD ICE!

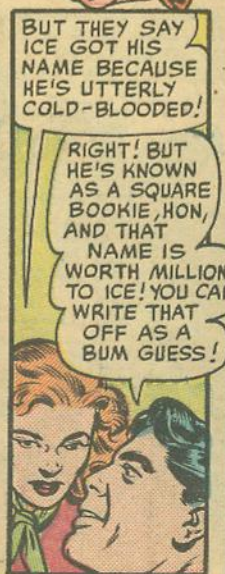
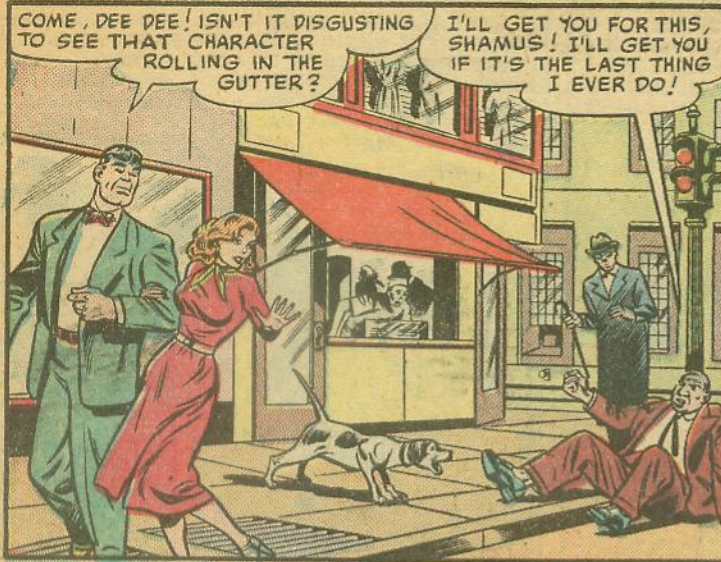
YOU KEEP OUTTA THIS, SHANNON! FOR TWO CENTS I'D SLAP YOU LOOSE FROM YOUR TEETH!

PAY THE MAN, DEE DEE! I'VE BEEN ITCHING FOR AN EXCUSE TO LAY KNUCKLES ON THIS APE!

WHY, YOU ---! I'LL --- WHOOOFF!

THANKS, PAL! THIS BEATS CHRISTMAS ALL HOLLOW!

UPSY-DAISY!



COME, DEE DEE! ISN'T IT DISGUSTING TO SEE THAT CHARACTER ROLLING IN THE GUTTER?

I'LL GET YOU FOR THIS, SHAMUS! I'LL GET YOU IF IT'S THE LAST THING I EVER DO!

SAM LIT OUT FOR THE SUBWAY! I'M SORT OF GLAD TO SEE A LITTLE FELLOW LIKE THAT MAKE A WINNING ONCE IN HIS LIFE!

SAM'S OKAY! I KNEW ICE WOULD HAVE TO PAY THAT OFF HIMSELF BUT I COULDN'T RESIST A CRACK AT PEANUTS PROUTY! HEY, WHAT'S UP?

There WAS A CROWD AROUND THE SUBWAY, AN AMBULANCE ---AND MY OLD PAL, DETECTIVE ART CLYDE OF HOMICIDE!

WHAT GIVES, ART? SOMEBODY GET BUMPED IN THE SUBWAY?

MAYBE! A GUY NAMED SAM SIMON FELL OFF THE PLATFORM UNDER AN EXPRESS TRAIN! SOME WITNESSES THINK HE WAS **SHOVED OFF!**

POOR GUY! SAM WAS ON HIS WAY TO COLLECT \$160,000 ON A RACE, ART! CHANCES ARE HE WAS EXCITED AND FELL OFF!

PROBABLY! THE CONDITION HE WAS IN AFTER THE TRAIN WENT BY WAS ENOUGH TO MAKE ANYBODY FORGET HIS LINES! THANKS, KEN!

HOW HORRIBLE! THAT POOR LITTLE MAN, JUST WHEN HIS LUCK TURNED!

HE DIED HAPPY, ANYHOW, DEE DEE! IF HE'D LIVED, HE'D HAVE BLOWN IT ALL ON OTHER RACES! HORSE-PLAYERS ALWAYS DIE BROKE!

KEN, DO YOU SUPPOSE ICE EAGEN COULD HAVE KILLED SAM SO HE COULDN'T COLLECT?

ABSOLUTELY NOT! THAT MONEY IS CHICKEN FEED TO A TOP BOOKIE LIKE ICE! HE WOULDN'T RISK HIS REPUTATION SO STUPIDLY!

BUT THEY SAY ICE GOT HIS NAME BECAUSE HE'S UTTERLY COLD-BLOODED!

RIGHT! BUT HE'S KNOWN AS A SQUARE BOOKIE, HON, AND THAT NAME IS WORTH MILLIONS TO ICE! YOU CAN WRITE THAT OFF AS A BUM GUESS!

IT'S JUST ONE OF LIFE'S LITTLE IRONIES, PET---LIKE ME LOSING SAM JUST WHEN HE WAS BECOMING A CASH CUSTOMER! OH, WELL---

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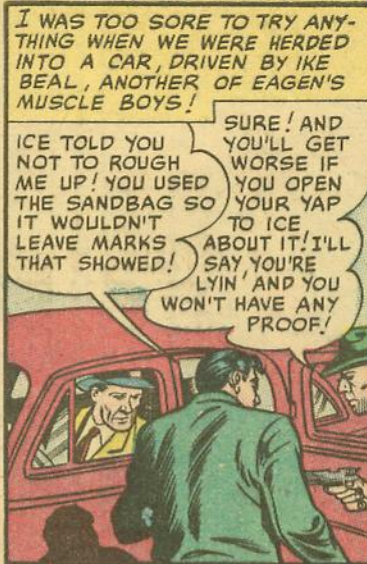
AROUND
QUITTING
TIME,
DETECTIVE
LIEUTENANT
CLYDE
BARGED
IN,
LOOKING
HOT
AND
HECKLED!



For 24 HOURS I FORGOT SAM SIMON! THEN LATE THE NEXT AFTERNOON, I HEARD DEE DEE LET OUT A SCREECH LIKE A SCARED BANSHEE!



POLICE COMICS



IN THAT SECOND BEFORE THE DOOR OPENED, I WENT INTO ACTION!



ICE
OUTDID
HIMSELF
HELPING
DEE DEE
AND ME
CLEAN UP,
SHOVING
TALL, COOL
DRINKS IN
OUR HANDS!
MY NERVES
WERE
TINGLING!



OKAY, ICE! YOU'VE
BOUGHT YOURSELF
MY RESPECTFUL
ATTENTION! WHAT'S
THE DEAL?

I'M HIRING YOU TO TELL
ME! LAST NIGHT SAM
SIMON CAME BACK TO
COLLECT HIS HUNDRED
AND SIXTY G'S!



WHA-A-AT?
SAM SIMON IS
STONE COLD DEAD
ON A MORGUE
SLAB, IN
SEVERAL
PIECES!

YOU'RE TELLING
ME? I
IDENTIFIED
HIS BODY THIS
MORNING, JUST
TO MAKE
SURE...



BUT AT MIDNIGHT
LAST NIGHT HE CAME
WALKING INTO MY
LOCKED BEDROOM...
CARRYING HIS
HEAD UNDER
ONE ARM! AND
IT TALKED TO
ME!

EULPE! I
TH-THINK
I'M GOING
TO BE
S-SICK!



NOW I'VE HEARD
EVERYTHING!
HOW COME
YOU DIDN'T
PAY HIM?

I COULDN'T! I'VE
GOT A TIME LOCK
ON MY SAFE!
NOBODY CAN
OPEN IT BEFORE
NOON! HE MADE
ME PROMISE TO
PAY DOUBLE
TONIGHT!



I
LOOKED
DOWN AND
ICE EAGEN'S
HANDS
WERE
SHAKING!
THEN I
KNEW IT
WAS NO
GAG, AND
GOOSE-
BUMPS
PLAYED
LEAPFROG
UP MY
SPINE!

LOOK, ICE, I DON'T
BELIEVE IN SPOOKS!
A THING LIKE THAT
CAN'T HAPPEN!

I DON'T BELIEVE IN
THEM, EITHER,
SHANNON! BUT I
SAW HIM... AND
THERE'S \$320,000
WAITING TO PAY
WHEN HE COMES
AT NINE TONIGHT!



IT'S A TRICK, ICE! IT'S
GOT TO BE! SOME-
BODY WEARING A
PHONY OUTFIT!

THEN HOW
COME I PUMPED
FOUR SLUGS
THROUGH ITS
HEART... AND IT
JUST LAUGHED
AND KEPT
COMING AT
ME? I DON'T
MISS!

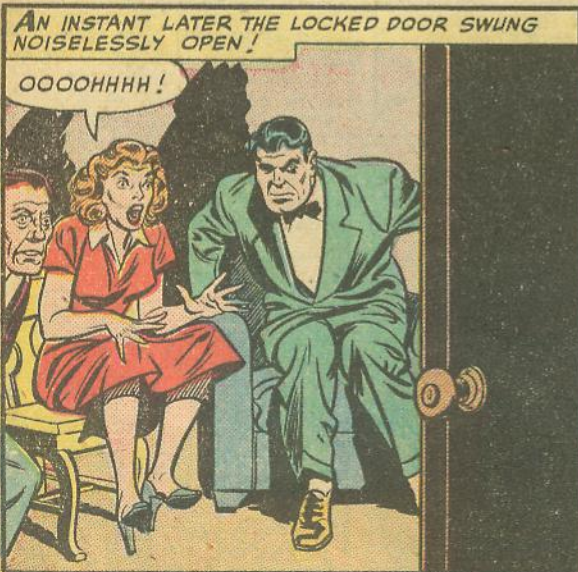


I'M TO PAY
OFF HERE AT
NINE! WILL
YOU STAY
WITH ME,
WATCH FOR
TRICKERY,
COVER ME
ON THIS
DEAL? IT'LL
SCARE YOU...!

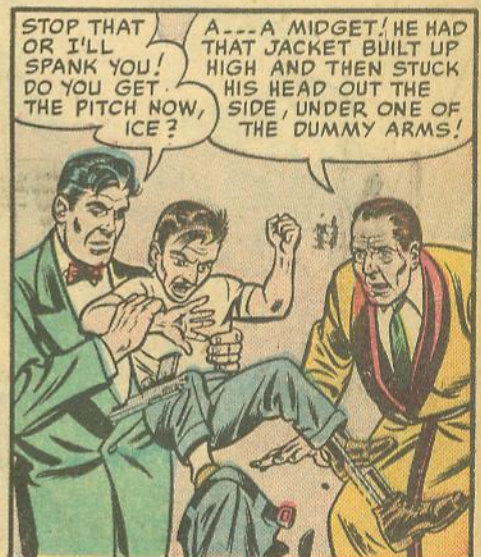
I'M ALREADY
ABOUT AS
SCARED AS I
CAN GET, ICE!
YOU'VE BOUGHT
YOURSELF A
BOY! DEE DEE
CAN LEAVE IF
SHE WANTS
TO!



At THE STROKE OF NINE, IT BEGAN! THE GOONS OUTSIDE THE DOOR LET OUT SHRIEKS OF TERROR AND THEN, FROM THE SOUND, MUST HAVE JUMPED OUT THE NEAREST WINDOW!



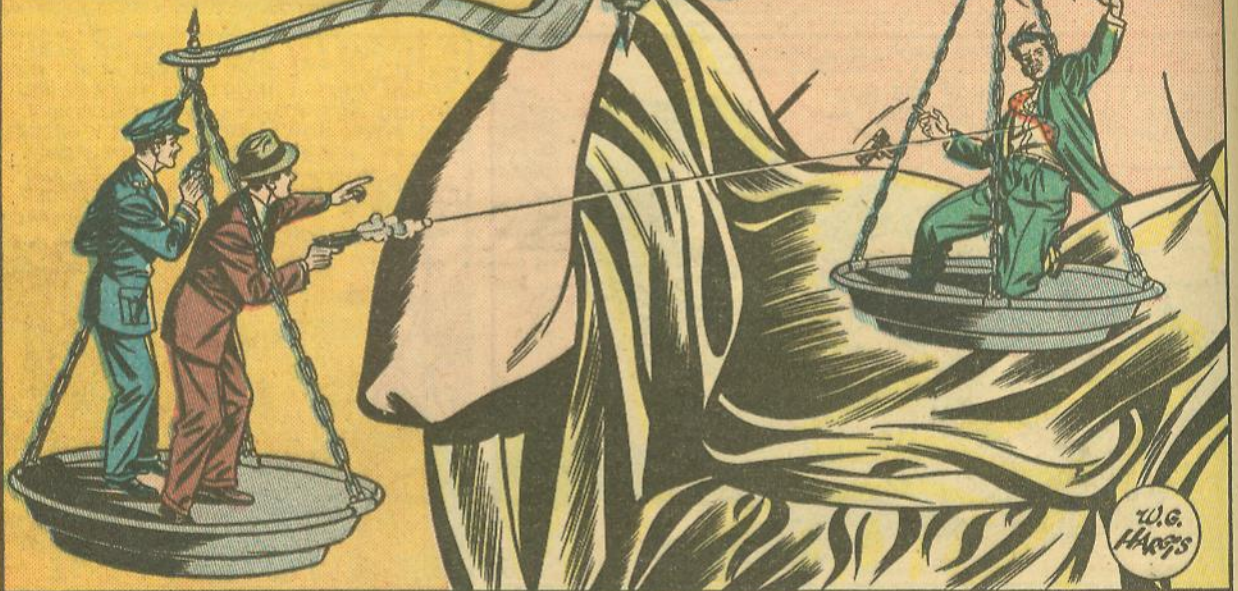
POLICE COMICS



INSPECTOR DENVER

WHOEVER FIRST PORTRAYED JUSTICE AS A WOMAN WITH A BLINDFOLD ON WASN'T SO DUMB! NOBODY KNOWS BETTER THAN INSPECTOR MARTY DENVER OF HOMICIDE THAT SOMETIMES BLIND JUSTICE LETS THE GUILTY GO FREE! WHEN THAT HAPPENS, IT'S TIME TO TILT THE SCALES OF JUSTICE... TO MAKE SURE...

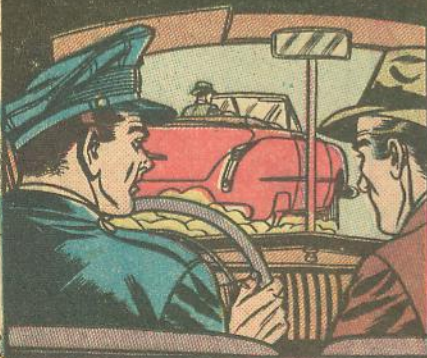
"THE GUILTY DIE YOUNG!"



IT BEGAN ON A HOT AUGUST AFTER-NOON, ON A BUSY BOULEVARD...

JUDAS H. PRIEST, MARTY! LOOK AT THE DOUGH-HEAD TRAVEL!

HE'S DOING AT LEAST EIGHTY! WHERE IN BLAZES ARE THE TRAFFIC DETAIL BOYS?



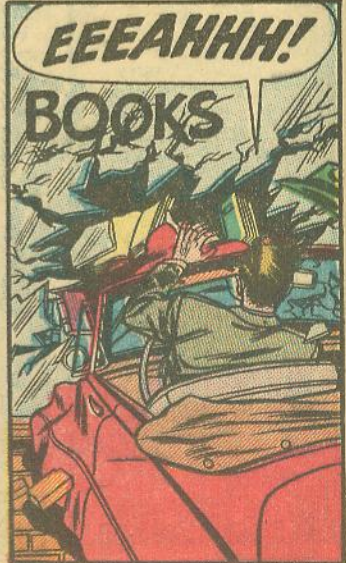
THE DISASTER STRUCK TOO FAST FOR THOUGHT!

MARTY! HE CAN'T STOP THAT CRATE!



EEEEHHH!

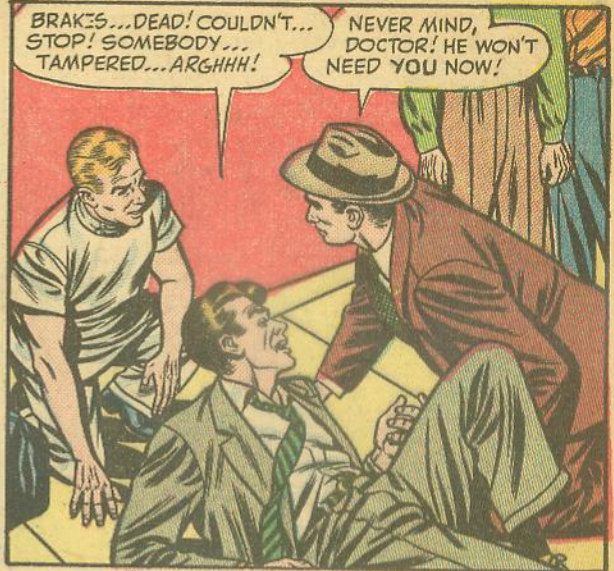
BOOKS



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ALL RIGHT! CLEAR THE ROAD!
GO TEND TO YOUR BUSINESS,
YOU GHOULS! SOMEBODY
GET A DOCTOR!



BRAKES...DEAD! COULDN'T...
STOP! SOMEBODY...
TAMPERED...ARGHHH!

NEVER MIND,
DOCTOR! HE WON'T
NEED YOU NOW!



NOW GET
BACK OR I'LL
RUN YEZ IN...
OH, HELLO
INSPECTOR!

A NASTY MESS,
MURPHY! IT'S SHEER
LUCK THAT THERE
AREN'T A DOZEN
DEAD OR MANGLED
BY THAT RUNAWAY
CAR!



POST A GUARD ON
THAT WRECK, MURPHY!
DON'T LET ANYBODY
TOUCH IT UNTIL A
POLICE MECHANIC
HAS CHECKED
THOSE BRAKES!

YIS, SOR,
INSPECTOR!
YABLONSKY'S
CALLING THE
EMERGENCY
SQUAD
NOW, SIR!



NOW WHAT IS THIS,
MARTY? YOU THINK
SOMEBODY MONKEYED
WITH THE GUY'S
BRAKES TO MAKE
IT A HOMICIDE?

I DO! THOSE
BIG CAR BRAKE
SYSTEMS ARE
DEPENDABLE,
CASSIDY! AND CARS
LIKE THAT ARE
CHECKED AND
SERVICED
REGULARLY!



JOHN FAIRFIELD! LET'S GO
TO HEADQUARTERS AND
CHECK ON HIM WHILE
WE WAIT FOR THE
MECHANIC'S REPORT!

OKAY, MARTY... BUT IT
SEEMS TO ME WE GOT
ENOUGH HOMICIDE HEAD-
ACHES WITHOUT YOU SHOULD
GO DIG UP NEW ONES!



HALF AN HOUR LATER...

THE GUY WAS RICH, OWNED
SEVERAL COMPANIES
AND A WIFE HALF HIS
AGE! SHE'LL INHERIT
A COUPLE OF
MILLION BUCKS
CLEAR...

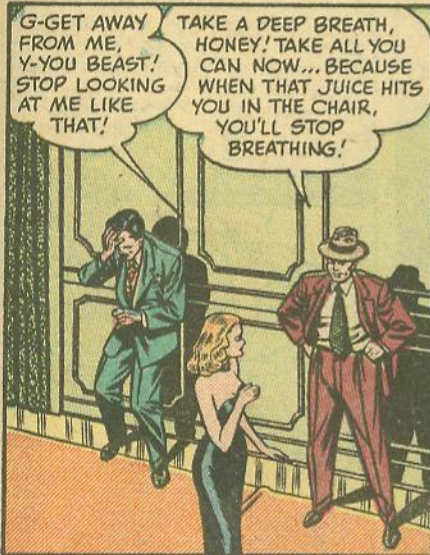
THERE'S THE PHONE!
MAYBE IT'S THE
REPORT FROM
THE GARAGE!

RINGGGG

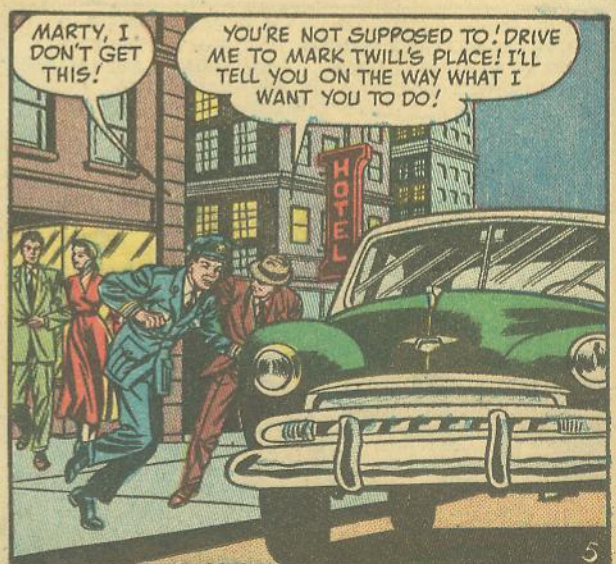
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A FEW MINUTES LATER...

NOW WHAT DO YOU WANT? IF THIS IS MORE PERSECUTION...!

I JUST DROPPED BY TO TELL YOU YOUR GIRL FRIEND'S CRACKING, TWILL! BY TOMORROW I THINK SHE'LL BE READY TO SPILL THE WHOLE STORY!



I'M NOT INTERESTED!

MARTY! A RADIO CALL JUST CAME IN ABOUT THE FAIRFIELD DAME...!

SLAM



THE CHIEF HAS PULLED OFF THE DETECTIVES WATCHING HER! THERE'S ONE GUY LEFT TO WATCH HER FRONT DOOR!

SHUT UP, YOU BLOCKHEAD! IF TWILL HEARS YOU, HE'LL PROBABLY GO OVER AND CRAWL IN A BACK WINDOW TO SEE HIS SWEETIE! COME ON!



TEN MINUTES LATER...

MARTY, I'M ALL CONFUSED! WHY DID YOU HAVE ME YELL THAT ABOUT THE GUARDS BEING PULLED OFF AND...UH-OH! LOOK!

SHHH! GET YOUR GUN OUT AND READY FOR TROUBLE, CASSIDY!



WHAT TH...?

EEEEK! HELP! POLICE! I SHOT THE MAD PROWLER! HELP!



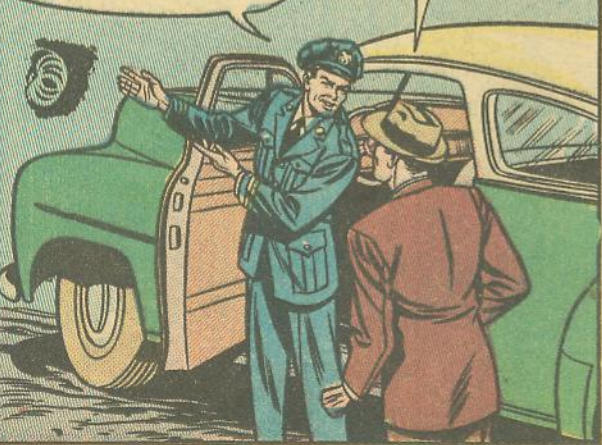
BUT, MARTY! AREN'T WE GOING UP THERE...?

COME ON! WHEN IDA DISCOVERS SHE SHOT HER OWN BOY FRIEND, SNEAKING UP TO CHECK ON HER, SHE'LL BE READY TO TALK PLENTY!



MARTY! YOU PLANNED THIS! YOU COULDN'T TOUCH THOSE TWO SO YOU WORKED HER UP TO SHOOT A PROWLER! IT WAS A FRAMEUP!

NOT A FRAMEUP, CASSIDY... A LITTLE HELPING HAND TO JUSTICE!



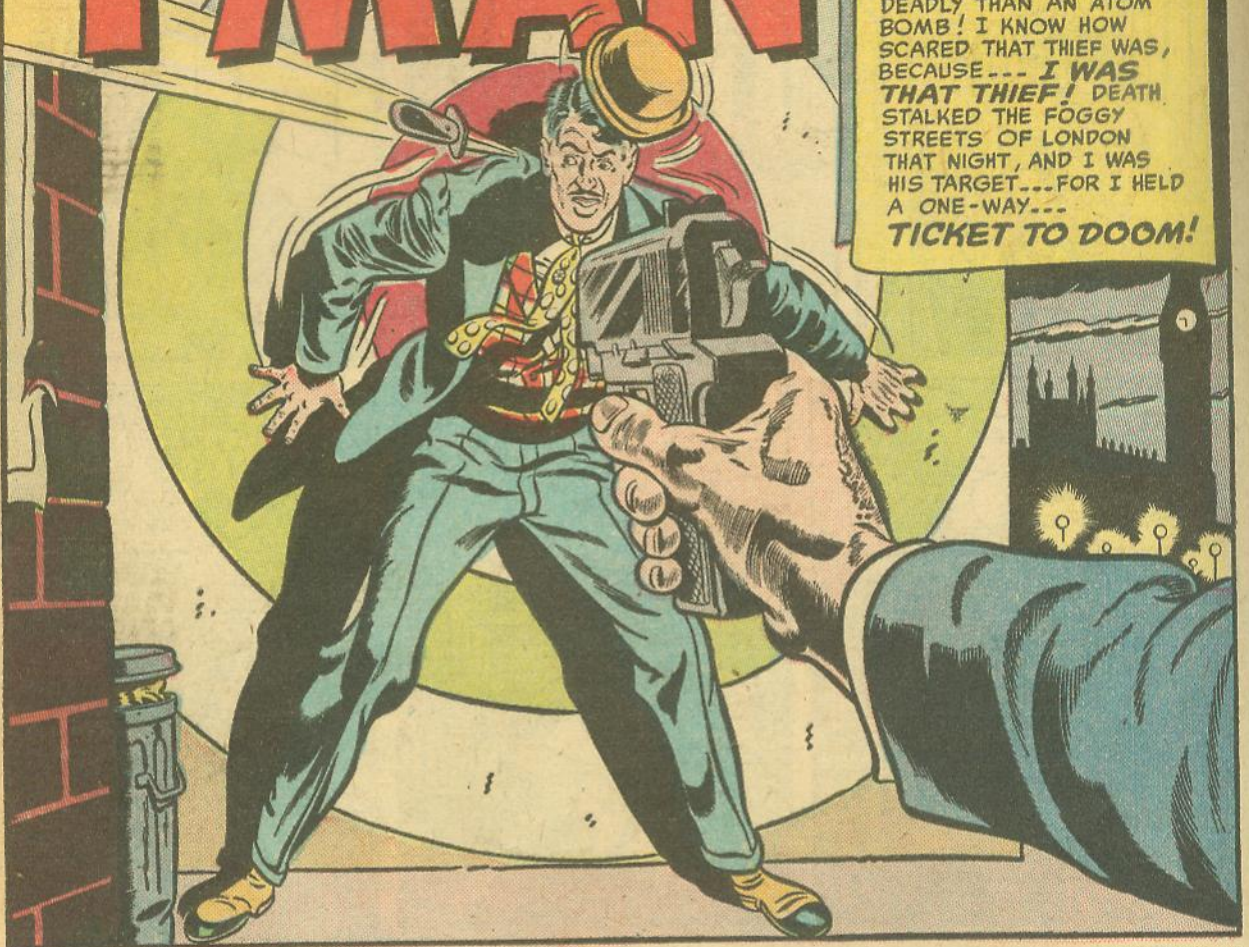
TWILL MURDERED, AND DIED BY HIS OWN EVIL PLOTTING! WHETHER IDA CONFESSES OR NOT, SHE'LL PAY FOR HER PART AS LONG AS SHE LIVES!

I G-GUESS WE BETTER NOT MENTION THIS IN THE REPORTS, MARTY! IF WE DON'T, NOBODY ELSE CAN!



T-MAN

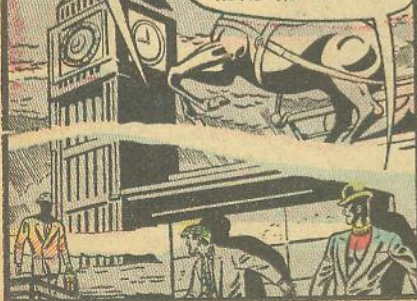
ALMOST IN THE SHADOW OF LONDON'S WHITEHALL, HOME OF SCOTLAND YARD, A THIEF SNATCHED A LIKELY-LOOKING BRIEF CASE! INSTEAD OF MONEY, THE CASE HELD A PAPER MORE DEADLY THAN AN ATOM BOMB! I KNOW HOW SCARED THAT THIEF WAS, BECAUSE... **I WAS THAT THIEF!** DEATH, STALKED THE FOGGY STREETS OF LONDON THAT NIGHT, AND I WAS HIS TARGET... FOR I HELD A ONE-WAY... **TICKET TO DOOM!**



THE LONDON FOG THAT NIGHT WAS AS THICK AND COLD AS DEATH ITSELF!

H'I SAY, YANK, I'M BLOODY SCARED! THIS ROUGH STUFF H'IS A BIT OUT OF MY CLASS!

AAA, I THOUGHT YOU LIMEYS HAD NERVE! WHY, IN CHICAGO WE DO THIS ALL THE TIME... SHHH! HERE HE COMES!



WHA... ARGHHH!

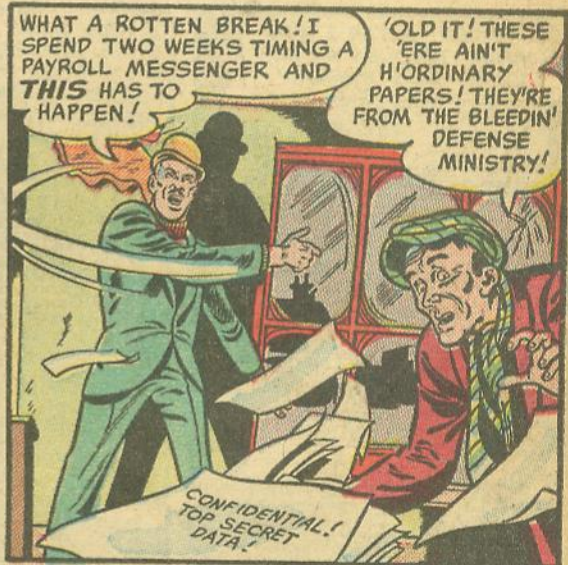
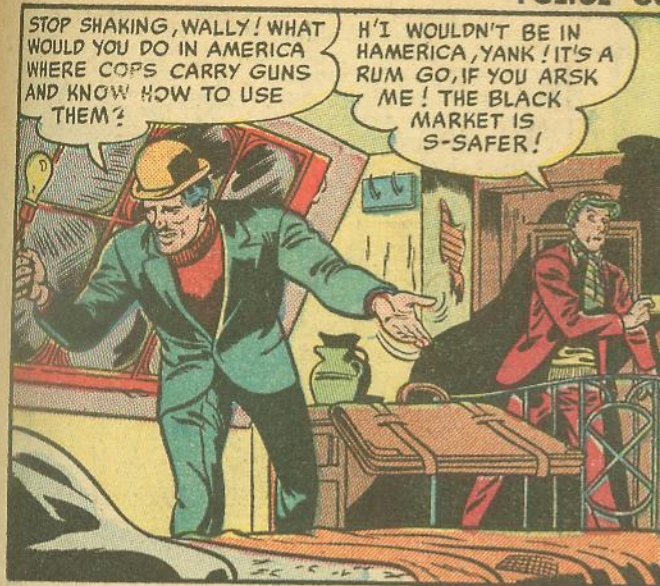
GRAB THE CASE!



A BLEEDIN' BOBBY! COME ON, STUPID! RUN!



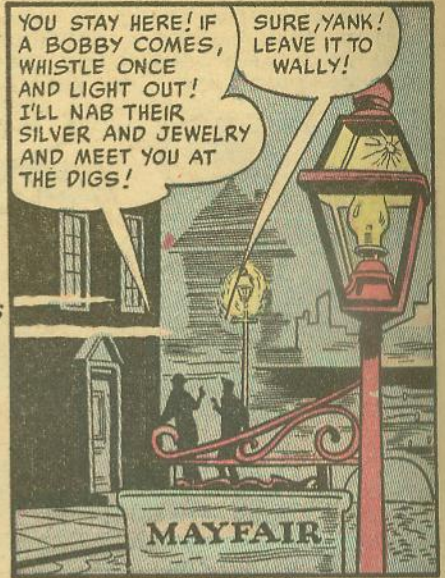
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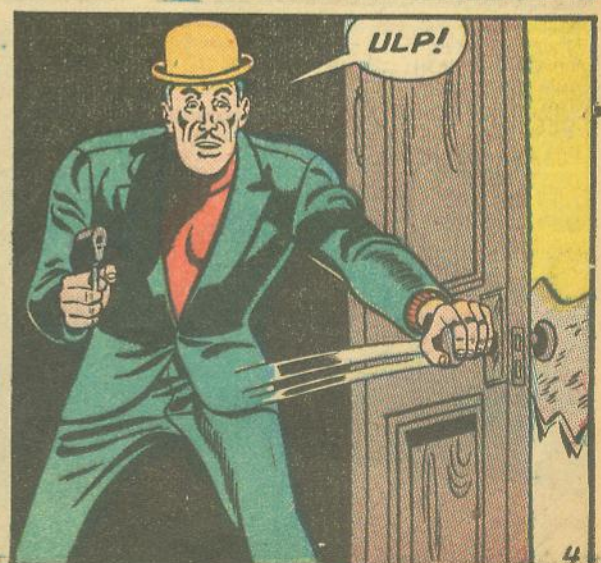
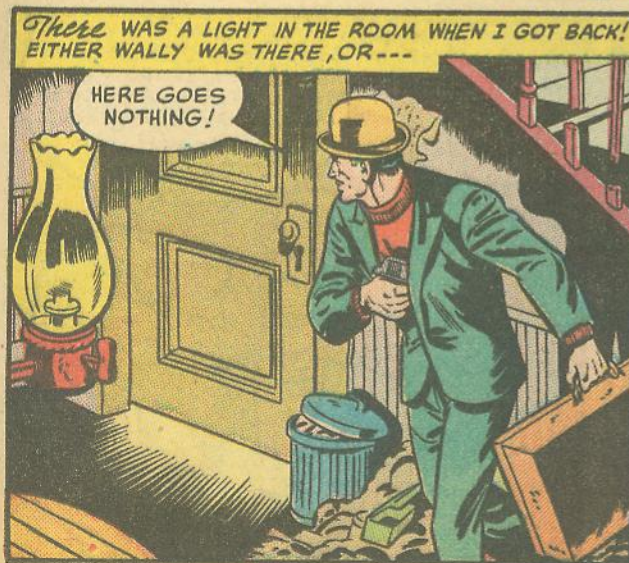
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MY OLD TICKER WAS POUNDING AS I LED WALLY THROUGH ALLEYS TO THE HOUSE IN MAYFAIR! THINGS WERE COMING TO A HEAD!



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NO NEED TO WAIT AND WONDER ANY LONGER! THE HEAT WAS ON!

COME IN, HONEY! I'VE BEEN WAITING FOR YOU! I'M TANYA!

AND I'M HUNGRY! LET'S GO SOMEWHERE AND DINE AND DANCE! I CAN'T TAKE THESE SHOCKS ON AN EMPTY STOMACH!

YOU'RE CUTE! BUT LET'S HAVE A LITTLE TALK FIRST! BUSINESS BEFORE PLEASURE!

HMM! YOU CAN'T BE A LADY COP! THERE'S NO PLACE AROUND THAT OUTFIT TO HIDE A BADGE! OKAY....!

WHAT DO WE TALK ABOUT, SWEETIE... AS IF I DIDN'T KNOW! AND AS IF THE ANSWER ISN'T **NO!**

LET'S TALK ABOUT A LITTLE PIECE OF PAPER, HONEY... AND ABOUT \$250,000 GOOD AMERICAN DOLLARS, SHALL WE?

I'M NOT MUCH GOOD AT LANGUAGES, DARLING! HOW DO YOU SAY **NO** IN RUSSIAN?

YOU DON'T! YOU SAY DA, WHICH MEANS YES! ISN'T THAT SIMPLE? JUST SHOW ME THE PLANS, TO MAKE SURE THEY'RE GENUINE...

MAYBE THE ANSWER IS SIMPLE... BUT I'M NOT! I'VE HIDDEN THEM WHERE NOBODY BUT ME WILL EVER FIND THEM! ISN'T THAT NASTY OF ME!

NOT NASTY, DEAR! JUST STUPID...

NOW WE HAVE TO GET ROUGH... AND I'D REALLY HOPED WE COULD KEEP THIS PLEASANT! DROP YOUR GUN ON THE BED... CAREFULLY!

MY FATHER WARNED ME THERE'D BE DAYS LIKE THIS!

NOW YOU'RE BEING STUPID, KITTEN! IF YOU GET ME SORE, I MAY NEVER COOPERATE WITH YOU!

WE'RE TAKING A LITTLE TRIP, HONEY... AND DON'T WORRY! YOU'D BE SURPRISED AT HOW FAST YOU'LL DECIDE TO COOPERATE! GET GOING!

POLICE COMICS

Tanya
MARCHED
ME DOWN
TO THE
STREET! I
WASN'T
KIDDING MY-
SELF SHE
WOULDN'T
USE THE
GUN IF I
STARTED
ANYTHING



IVAN, GO BACK AND SEARCH HIS ROOM AGAIN! DMITRI, GET IN AND SEE THAT HE TRIES NO TRICKS!

PUT THINGS BACK NEATLY, IVAN! I'M FUSSY ABOUT MY ROOM!

I WONDERED ABOUT THE CAB DRIVER... BUT NOT FOR LONG!

WALLY, YOU RAT! YOU SOLD OUT ON ME!

HI TOLD YER, PALLY, TO TYKE A GOOD PROFIT WHEN H'IT'S OFFERED YER! DON'T BLIME ME H'IF YOU'RE STUBBORN!



WHEEW! THE SPY RACKET MUST PAY OFF, IF YOUR BOSS CAN AFFORD A JOINT LIKE THIS!

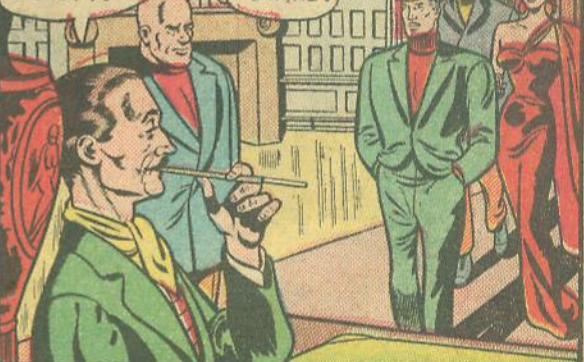
YOU COULD, TOO, IF YOU WEREN'T SO PIG-HEADED!



WE WERE USHERED INTO THE PRESENCE OF A GUY WHO DIDN'T SEEM TOO HAPPY TO SEE US!

WAS IT NECESSARY TO COME HERE, TANYA? THIS IS RISKY!

I KNOW, MR. SMITH, BUT THIS PIG DECIDED TO BE STUBBORN AND THERE IS TOO MUCH AT STAKE!



WHY ARE YOU SO STUBBORN? AREN'T WE OFFERING YOU ENOUGH MONEY? OR ARE YOU JUST A STUPID PATRIOT? SMOKE?

THANKS! I'M JUST A GUY WITH CURIOSITY, PAL! I DON'T LIKE TO DO BUSINESS WITH ANYBODY BUT THE HEAD MAN!



NOW THAT YOU'VE MET THE HEAD MAN, WILL YOU DELIVER THE PLANS? OR MUST I HAVE BORIS PERSUADE YOU?

BELIEVE ME, I'VE SEEN BORIS AT WORK AND IT ISN'T PLEASANT! WE HAVE NO MORE TIME TO WASTE! WHAT IS YOUR ANSWER?



BORIS WAS THE NEAREST AND BIGGEST AND HE HAD A GUN I NEEDED! SO I HANDED HIM MY ANSWER!

THIS IS MY ANSWER, CHUM!

OWOOOF!



POLICE COMICS



FOR THE BEST IN READING ENTERTAINMENT

Don't miss this **AMAZING** Issue



ON SALE
July 20th

PUBLISHED MONTHLY

PIC-TO-CRIME

MURDER OR SUICIDE? DETECTIVE ALAN SYKES KNEW THE ANSWER AT A GLANCE!



MILLION DOLLAR MURDER

BERT FARNSWORTH was a tough private eye, a detective who didn't go soft. But when he heard that old Geoffrey P. Barnes had died and left him a cool million, his knees got weak and he sank into his chair in a state of immobility.

"I can't believe it," he said to William Lawson, the old man's lawyer. "Sure, I knew the old fellow. I liked him. I went to see him often. But that's no reason for him to leave me a million bucks."

"Frankly," answered Lawson, "I know exactly how you feel. You see, I was bequeathed a million myself. Another million went to Wilbur Slater, his secretary. The old man had no heirs, you know."

"I guess he didn't have many friends, either, if he picked us."

"Why not?" smiled Lawson, shaking Bert's hand as he started toward the door. "We were probably the people closest to him. You were his friend, I was his lawyer, and Slater was his secretary. Seems logical we should be the ones to inherit his fortune."

"Not logical at all," thought Bert to himself after Lawson left. "Because old Mr. Barnes told me himself that he planned to leave everything he had to charity. That was two days before he died. Why should he change his mind and his will so fast?"

It baffled Bert. Sure, he'd enjoy having a million dollars. Who wouldn't? But it didn't quite look on the level. And Barnes' death had been sudden. A bullet through his skull and they called it suicide. But he wasn't that sort of person. He was healthy and enjoyed life, even at eighty-five. It added up to something phony in Bert Farnsworth's mind!

He reached for the phone and called the morgue. "You've got the Barnes body down there?" he asked. "Keep it. I'm going to start an investigation."

After that, he called homicide. "This is Farnsworth," he blared through the phone. "Get a paraffin test on old Mr. Barnes right away! See if he fired a gun! It's supposed to be suicide but it looks to me like murder! Let me know about that test as soon as you can!"

He paced the floor for over an hour. Then the voice came over the phone with the news he had expected. "You're right! He didn't fire that gun! The paraffin test on his hands proves it! What's your theory?"

"None at the moment. Except it looks as if I stand to lose a million dollars. I'll call you back if I turn up the murderer!"

Bert put on his coat and rushed out the door and hailed a cab for the Barnes estate. He knew that Wilbur, the secretary, would still be there because he had taken it upon himself to settle back bills and see that everything was in order. But as he ap-

proached the big house, he heard voices. He crept beneath the open window to listen! He heard exactly what he wanted to know.

It was Lawson's voice that floated out first. "Pretty smart idea, don't you think? Farnsworth was bowled over. He liked the old man and came to see him so that was good enough reason for his getting the dough!"

"You're smart that way," was Wilbur Slater's answer. "If a dick gets a grand, nobody's going to question us."

"That's what I've said all along," came the Lawson reply. "That's the way I planned it. If anybody should find out we shot the old man, Farnsworth would stick up for us. No guy would be dumb enough to toss over a million smackers. Smart stunt, huh?"

"Not smart enough," thought Farnsworth. "I won't hold still for murder even if it does cost me a million in cold, hard cash! And, goodness knows, I could use it!"

He rushed to the corner and called Homicide again. "Chief," he said, "follow my hunch. Come to the Barnes estate and tell Lawson and Slater you've got 'em dead to rights! Fingerprints or something. Anything. Scare them a little and I think they'll confess. I know they're guilty!"

It worked out as he said. A couple of hours later, the Chief of Homicide patted him on the shoulder. "Thanks for the tip. The two guys have admitted killing the old man. They made him sign a new will at the point of a gun. They put you in as an heir for a cover-up!"

"Yeah," sighed Bert Farnsworth. "There goes my million bucks out the window. If I'd kept my mouth shut, I could be a millionaire."

"But it wasn't worth it," he said. "It'll go to a better cause now anyway, charity. That's the way the old fellow had made out his original will."

Bert wandered down the street. "A million would be okay," he thought! "Except that I'd rather skip it than to have those two murderers get by with their crime. As a private eye, it's my duty to enforce the law. But sometimes, it doesn't pay!"

SOLUTION

As Detective Sykes remarked later, nothing could be easier to prove. Death by gas turns the victim's skin a bright, cherry red. Beal's blue lips and ears were positive proof that he had been smothered before the gas was turned on! The widow eventually confessed to murder for insurance, exactly as Detective Sykes described it.

POLICE COMICS

HIS GOOD LOOKS WERE THE BANE OF PATROLMAN LARRY HOGAN'S LIFE! THEY KEPT HIM AWAY FROM THE KIND OF DANGEROUS POLICE WORK HE WANTED! THEY GOT HIS PICTURE IN THE PAPERS BODYGUARDING VISITING CELEBRITIES, AND THEY EARNED HIM THE SCORN OF HIS HARD-WORKING FELLOW-OFFICERS! THEN ONE DAY LARRY HOGAN MADE UP HIS MIND--- THAT NO MATTER WHAT THE COST, NEVER AGAIN WOULD THEY CALL HIM---

HANDSOME HOGAN



LARRY HOGAN COULDN'T HELP LOOKING LIKE A GREEK GOD, MUCH AS HE HATED IT!

BUT, CHIEF, THAT HOLDUP IS IN MY DISTRICT! LET ME GO---!

NOT TODAY, LARRY! I'VE GOT A MORE IMPORTANT ASSIGNMENT FOR YOU!



YOU'RE TO LEAD THE PARADE OF VISITING MAYORS FROM THE DEPOT TO THE COURT HOUSE!

OH, NO! NOT ANOTHER DRESS PARADE! LOOK, CHIEF, PLEASE GIVE ME A BREAK! I WANT TO BE A COP, NOT A CLOTHES HORSE!



FORGET IT, BOY! PEOPLE JUDGE THE DEPARTMENT BY APPEARANCE, AND YOU'VE GOTTEN US A NATIONAL REPUTATION FOR A SNAPPY FORCE!

HOW ABOUT MY REPUTATION? BOTH CROOKS AND COPS SNEER AND CALL ME "HANDSOME HOGAN"!



POLICE COMICS

TALKING WAS USELESS....AND THE FAMILIAR ORDEAL
BEGAN AGAIN FOR LARRY HOGAN!

WOW! IF HE'S A SAMPLE OF
YOUR POLICE FORCE, CHIEF,
NO WONDER THEY CALL IT
THE NATION'S FINEST!

WE'RE PROUD
OF OFFICER HOGAN,
MAYOR! HE WAS VOTED
THE MOST PHOTOGENIC
COP LAST YEAR!

WELCOME MAYORS

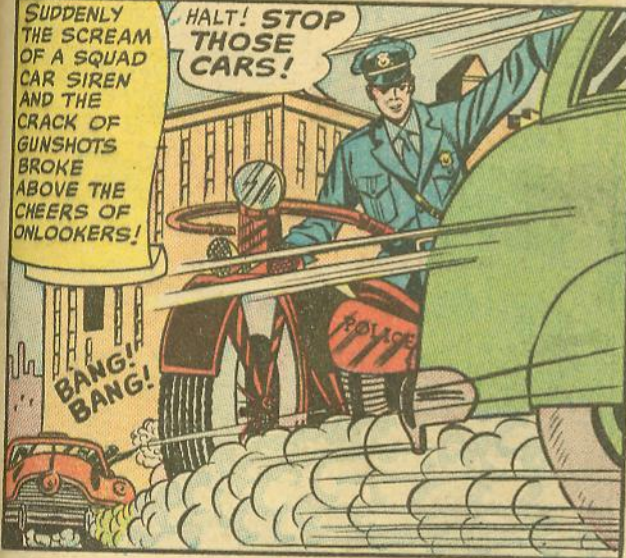


IF THERE WERE ONLY SOME WAY
I COULD PROVE I'M A COP,
NOT A FASHION MODEL!



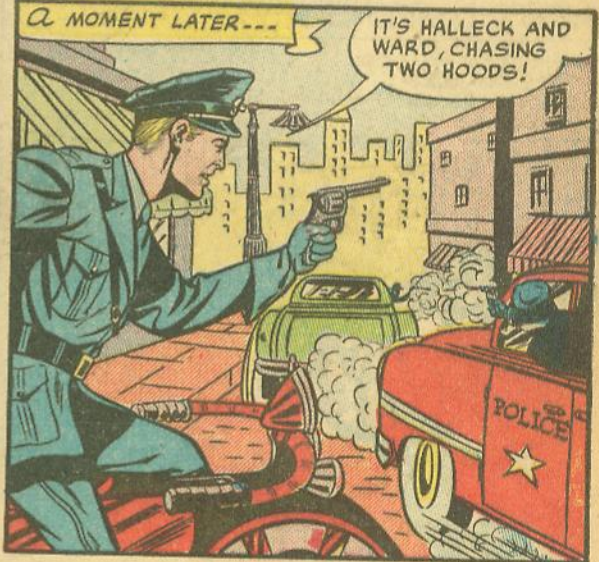
SUDDENLY
THE SCREAM
OF A SQUAD
CAR SIREN
AND THE
CRACK OF
GUNSHOTS
BROKE
ABOVE THE
CHEERS OF
ONLOOKERS!

HALT! STOP
THOSE
CARS!



A MOMENT LATER---

IT'S HALLECK AND
WARD, CHASING
TWO HOODS!

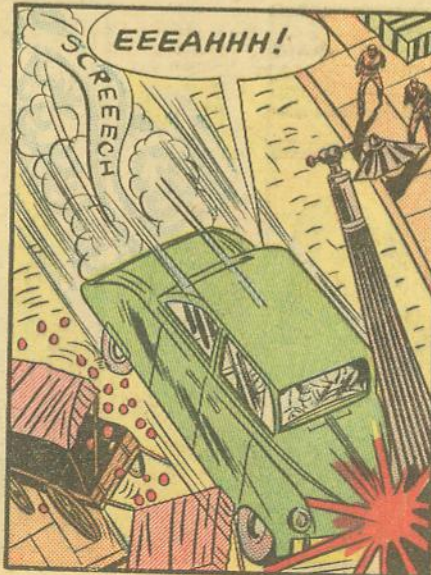


IF I CAN PICK OFF A
TIRE....!

BANG!
BANG!



EEEEHHH!



STAY HERE, LARRY!
THE RADIO MAN
CAN HANDLE THOSE
HOODLUMS! YOU'VE
DONE YOUR PART,
AND SPLENDIDLY!

HOLD IT,
HANDSOME!
HOW ABOUT
A PROFILE
SHOT WITH
YOUR GUN
LEVELLED?



POLICE COMICS

THE PAPERS PLAYED IT BIG... BUT NOT THE WAY LARRY WANTED TO SEE IT!

HANDSOME HOGAN HITS AGAIN!

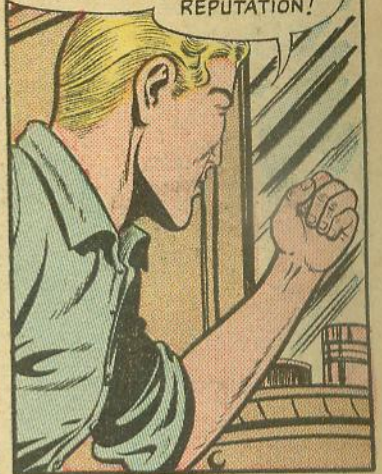
PERFECT COP NAILS PAIR WITHOUT RUFFLING HIS HAIR-DO!

MAYORS IMPRESSED AS DREAM MAN BARES TEETH AT NAUGHTY CROOKS!

THOSE SMART ALECS! EVEN WHEN I DO GET A CHANCE TO PROVE I'M A COP, THEY WON'T GIVE ME CREDIT! I'M FED UP!



I WISH I COULD SHOVE THAT FACE THROUGH A CEMENT MIXER! EVEN IF I QUIT THE FORCE I'D BE DOGGED BY MY REPUTATION!



WHEN HE REPORTED FOR DUTY THE NEXT DAY---

WELL, DEAH ME! LOOK WHO'S HONORING US WITH HIS PRESENCE, MIKE! DOESN'T HE LOOK SIMPLY CHAHMING?

ALL RIGHT, YOU MONKEYS! LAY OFF! YOU KNOW BLAME WELL I DIDN'T ASK FOR THAT TRIBE!



DON'T BARE YOUR TEETH AT ME, DREAM MAN! HALLECK AND WARD BROKE UP A HOLDUP AND RISKED THEIR NECKS TO CHASE THAT PAIR!

YEAH! BUT DO THEY GET EVEN A MENTION IN THE NEWSPAPERS? OH, NO! THEY'RE JUST HOMELY MUGS, LIKE THE REST OF US!



COME ON, RAFFITCH! THIS CHARM SCHOOL ATMOSPHERE IN HERE IS MAKING ME SICK TO MY STUMMICK!



LARRY'S BEAT WAS THE MOST ELEGANT ---AND QUIETEST--- SECTION OF TOWN! HE KNEW HE HAD BEEN PUT THERE FOR SHOW!

THERE MUST BE SOME WAY TO STOP THIS! I CAN'T TAKE IT ANY LONGER! I'VE GOT TO DO SOMETHING!

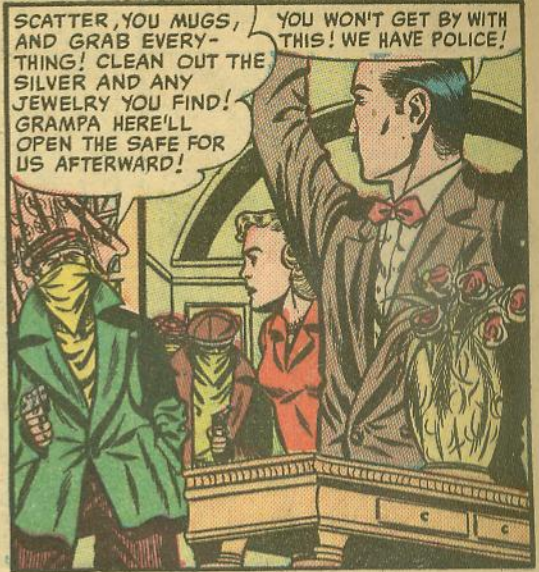


POLICE COMICS



POLICE COMICS

There WAS TROUBLE ALL RIGHT! AT THAT MOMENT INSIDE THE MILLION-AIRE'S MANSION!





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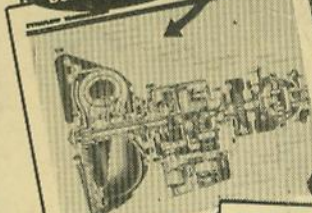
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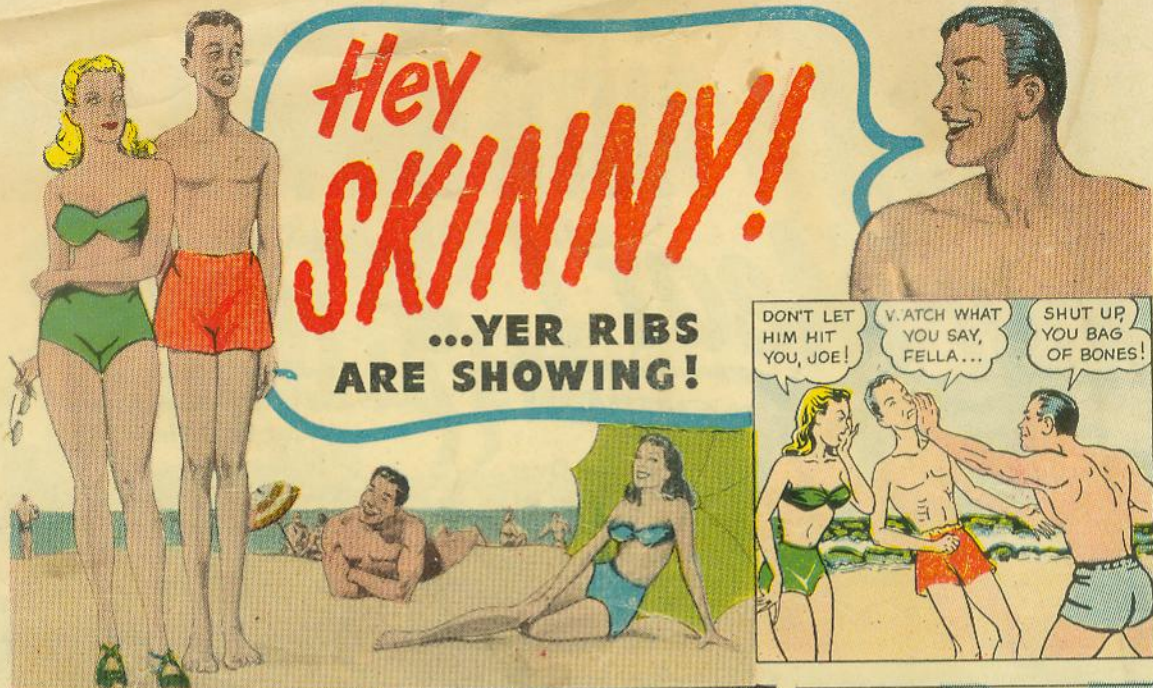
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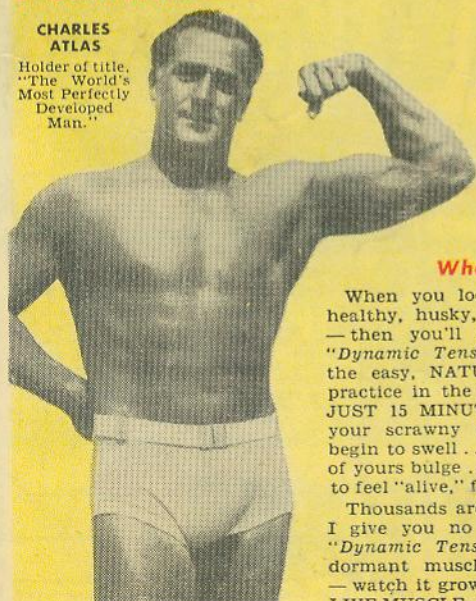
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